

THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Courtesy.*



PAT TELLS MRS. DEMARCAV THAT IT IS MISS EVERETT.

A YOUNG WIFE'S STORY.

CHAPTER XV.

THE face of the old man, as he bared his head before me, was more ashen than white, grey as the few locks he yet possessed, and somewhat sad.

"Are you ill, Patrick?" I asked.

"No; that is, not more than common. Only I came up the cliff fast, and that takes away my breath."

He was pressing his hand to his side, which made me inquire if he were subject to palpitations or shortness of breath.

"Both. I suppose it is all the same thing. We wear out and can't be mended."

"Very often we can if we take our ailments in time. You must go to the doctor, Patrick."

He shook his head rather mournfully.

"The colonel would wish you to do so, I am sure. You must have advice," I persisted.

No. 1313.—FEBRUARY 24, 1877.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

"I am old, ma'am, and a few years more or less, if that were all, would not make much difference. I never thought about dying when I was a soldier and the balls whizzed around me, but now I don't like it much. 'Man is immortal till his work is done,' the colonel often tells me so. That means that he has a day to die in as well as to be born. There used to be comfort in that when I was young and strong and never knew what it was to ail. Now it is drear and lonesome like to think about it, and the end can't be far off, and what is that?"

There was an anxious, listening look about him, as if he hungered for contradiction, and wanted me to answer him.

"How old are you?"

"Seventy-three."

"And hale and hearty on the whole, with the exception of this shortness of breath?"

"I don't complain, though I am not the man I was; only there is something here," touching his breast, "sharp spasms like, and I have had thoughts at night."

My interest had been already more attracted towards Patrick than any of the other servants of Lorrindale, there was so much kindness in his manner whenever he waited on me in his master's study, and now he regarded me with an earnestness verging upon the pathetic.

"Consult the doctor and let me know what he says. I will see that his orders are carried out."

Twisting his hat round and round in his hands, although I had told him to put it on, he said, almost timidly, "The colonel is uncommon clever, is he not?"

Without understanding the drift of his question I assented, and then heard a deep sigh.

"The colonel is a man of great reading," I continued, hoping to draw him on, seeing plainly that he had something on his mind.

"Ay, ay, so he is; the more's the pity. I was happier when I knew nothing beyond the little schooling I got when a boy."

"Are you a Roman Catholic?" I asked, fancying that I began to understand my companion a little better.

"No, I am not a Catholic," he answered, slowly.

"I never was, in spite of all they say, though my mother was as good a one as ever lived. I don't say but what I went to the chapel sometimes with her when a small lad, and father was away. She taught me to cross myself, kneel down before the altar, and say an Ave Maria. That could do no harm, she said. My father was a seaman, and called himself a Presbyterian when he was at home, and not much of that. He paid for my schooling very willingly, and told me I might go to his church, but not to my mother's. I did both when he was at sea, and heard different things, that is true, but I was rather the better than the worse for it, for often, instead of running into mischief with other boys, I used to think about what I had heard. Am I making too bold, ma'am?" he asked, looking wistfully at me as I sat with my face turned partly aside, my eyes involuntarily fixed upon the sea, whose ebb and flow has for most people a great attraction.

"Not at all. I am interested, and if I can be of any use to you shall be very glad." This I said, thinking that the outpouring of his thoughts, unchecked by fear of ridicule, might be a solace to him.

"I used sometimes to wonder when I was young

if the Holy Mother did really pay attention to all the people kneeling round, and if she could hear them up in heaven," he continued. "When travelling with the colonel—for we once went about a great deal—I watched and watched for some of the signs I heard talk of. Never but once did I see her move or blink an eye, and then it turned a little from side to side. It happened that a poor woman near me was praying for the life of her child, and took this as a token that her prayer was granted. Dragging herself on her knees close to the altar, she kissed the steps and cried for joy. I was glad for her too, and did not marvel that she went and spent her savings upon a large taper to burn in gratitude; she was a poor peasant woman, and a few pence were a good deal to her. A great many others rejoiced with her, and we slipped a few small coins into her hand as we went away. When I told the colonel what had happened, he said I was a superstitious idiot to believe it. 'And you don't know that a few wires and a sponge applied at the back of the wooden senseless head would perform the trick? Bah! it is too clumsy to deceive a child,' said he. After this I was ashamed to credit any such stories, and by way of regaining a reputation for common sense, I learned to ridicule them as he did. Once, from an hotel at Arona, one very dry summer, we saw a grand procession. The Virgin, dressed in purple robes, was carried in state, with priests and boys singing, followed by a crowd of men and women. 'They are praying for rain, colonel,' I said, 'because the glass fell last night.' He rewarded my discovery by a smile, and I thought myself a sharp, shrewd fellow. It was my first venture in that line; but on such subjects mockery is bad. We went into Belgium, where every church had its relics, as they called them—bones, hair, nails, scraps of clothing, and all sorts of things, once belonging to men and women of blessed memory. I hardly liked to say I didn't believe them, but I did wonder how there could be so many, and how they knew they were the real thing."

"Did Colonel Demareay take an interest in these things?"

"Oh, no. He sometimes examined the outside of a church, a window, or an arch, but I don't remember his going inside. He was fond of a bit of art. Once we went a long way, just for a whim of his. We drove down long roads, straight and paved, bordered with trees. I thought we should never come to the end of our journey. At last we began to wind about a little, and saw bits of hills, that the driver called mountains. A church, standing on a small island, was the object of our visit, with nothing very particular about it, as far as I could see. The colonel, however, having heard of some wood-carving especially good, wanted a drawing of it for himself. He was always like that; he would go miles for what took his fancy. An artist sketched it for him, and he had it imitated. It is now in his chateau over the sea."

This digression broke the thread of Patrick's reminiscences. He stopped talking, and leaning against a tree, looked sorrowfully down at the ceaseless ebb and flow of the great waters below. There was nothing uncommon in his story; nothing to connect it with the mournful expression of his face, and yet an impression came to me that I could partly divine the cause.

"You were speaking of the colonel's chateau in Normandy; you mean that one where is the picture

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of the nun? Why did it affect you so much? Was it not because you believed it to represent a fact, and that fact you believed on testimony?"

"Ah, well, I am an ignorant old man. I feel things sometimes without knowing why. When young I let many years go by foolishly and idly, and now it is too late."

"It is never too late to mend, Patrick; at least, not this side of the grave," I said.

"I had a wife and child," continued Patrick, without noticing my observation; "they were cut off in a day, while I was journeying, feasting, and merry-making, fancying these the best things in life. I shall never see them again."

Dashing the back of his fingers hastily across his eyes, the old man muttered an apology for talking to me so freely, and was moving away when I detained him. Here was a real tangible grief, deeper than mine, and, I greatly feared, a darkened mind besides. A great deal of the self-pity I brought with me when seeking this solitary spot was gone. It vanished before the sad fact of a soul in pain, and not for the sorrows of earth. Those, whatever their degree, have an ending. However poignant they may be in the morning, they are laid down at night; that is, they are all put away when the frail body they tried so severely is gone to its long rest. Patrick's sorrow seemed of another kind. Only just now, as I left the house, a prayer was on my lips to do some good, to lay down my own burden and help others. Was not this at once the answer and the opportunity?

"Every Christian man or woman may hope to meet their loved ones again," I said, emphatically. "There's a land where those who loved while here shall meet to love again."

Well I remembered my own dear mother: a pale, sweet face, at whose knees my first prayer was said. Her kisses seemed to fall on my cheek at night long after she was taken from me, and even now I often feel soothed by the expectation of seeing her again.

The cold, incredulous look upon poor Patrick's face was painful to see. A dim comprehension of his state of mind broke upon me, especially when, shaking his head, he repeated with a certain pathos, "The colonel is a clever man, and all his friends say so."

I could not say otherwise, yet with the impression then strong upon me of his having exercised a baneful influence over this unlettered man, I longed to do something to shake it, not sharing in any degree the admiration and reverence that inspired Patrick. He was like a great dog, willing to follow his master anywhere, with this difference, that the faithful beast perils his body and Patrick perilled his soul. Though desiring to open his eyes, I could only think of the trite remark, "Intellect is not always truth."

Silent I sat, not knowing what to say, and hoping to have loosened, if ever so little, his blind faith in a poor idol of clay.

"Do you never pray?" I asked, after a pause.

"Never much," he answered. "Sometimes, thinking a woman must be tender-hearted, I just asked Our Lady to give me a little help when things went wrong, and it was better with me then than now."

"But if you make your prayer to God, you go to the fountain-head at once."

"I never did pray to dead men; I knew better than that," he said, without noticing my last obser-

vation. "Many's the time I have seen that done, and laughed at it too. The day we went to the church about the carving a crowd of women and children were pressing round a shrine with a skeleton in it. Well I remember it, for they rubbed trinkets and handkerchiefs against the glass that covered it. A mother came with her daughter, and pushed the others aside; then the young girl, taking a ring off her finger, scratched it up and down. Poor soul, she was quite in earnest, trying to get some good out of the old bones; perhaps it was her marriage ring, and she hoped to bring a blessing upon it. I knew a great deal better than that, yet the colonel would call me a Roman Catholic. I recollect his smile when once I told him I was a Protestant like himself. Dear! but he had a noble look about him sometimes, and a proud smile, too. And that picture at the castle—he would point to it when in good-humour, saying, 'See, Patrick—see what your religion can do.' This was a favourite joke of his to make me angry. Before he fell into bad health he was cheerful enough sometimes."

"But as you say you never were a Roman Catholic, what did the colonel's joke about the picture really matter?" I asked, finding Patrick's confessions at variance with his assertions.

"Perhaps I didn't know what I was, nor anything else, except to deny, like Peter. It would have been better for me if I had been one thing or the other. I used to listen to the colonel and his friends as they talked together. In London at one time he gave dinners frequently. So many new things I heard, and thought them very fine. We servants had our meetings too and speechifyings. I liked best to listen. Most of the speakers I thought clever men; and yet was not happy with them. Ah, dear lady! it would shock you to know all the foolish things we said and did. I can't undo it now, and every day is bringing me nearer to the end: and if all these new things are false, and the old story is true, I am a lost man, and can never see my Katherine and her little one again."

The old man burst into tears, which I let him weep undisturbed; such drops are sometimes as the rain that refreshes the thirsty earth, making it bring forth buds and blossoms of future beauty. I understood now his eager advice to me not to read the colonel's books. Though too much attached to his master to trace the mischief that had befallen him to its real source, he nevertheless perceived that danger was near, and in his simple-heartedness sought to warn me against it. Poor Patrick! his theology had never been either clear or extensive; it was confined to a few superstitions, which it was more than easy to let slip when in contact with the master-mind that he worshipped. Had he stopped there he need never have sorrowed as he was now doing, some fragment would have remained. Even his floating creed was something; it was far preferable to Colonel Demarcay's knowledge, for he had formerly some belief in the simple truths that bring peace, if not joy. From this he had fallen—or rather it had dropped from him, bit by bit, as tatters from a worn-out garment—and now he had not even the wretched comfort of his unbelief! Some voice within that he could not silence denied it, and shook him with fear; he knew that he had heart-complaint, and might be taken away any day.

"Have you never talked to Mr. Kingston?" I asked; "he will help you more than I can."

"There is no use in that; it would do no good; besides, all the clergy talk alike, the colonel says; he knows just what they are going to say before they speak."

It irritated me to see the faith of this poor fellow pinned to the fancies and theories of Colonel Demarcay. He could believe him to his own hurt, and was prejudiced against those who might have done him good, and, by an inversion of reasoning, just because the majority were agreed on the principal points at issue.

"What does the colonel teach you?" I asked, bluntly.

"He never taught me anything," said Patrick; "I used to hear him talk, and then we talked it over again, I and the other chaps, and no good did it do us. John Deans was a great man among us; he spoke well, he did, but he got into trouble and was transported. If he ever comes back we shan't like to make friends with him."

"What did the colonel think of these meetings of yours?"

Patrick smiled. "He did not know anything of them, or maybe he would have liked best for me to stay away. He always says that religion is good for society. I never knew him make a mock at it except when he joked me about the nun; but he has some wonderful ideas—when we die, we die, and that is the end of us. Don't read his books, ma'am, if I may make bold to say so, for though you may know better, something you don't like may abide. Sure, every man is the better for believing that there is another life after this, and a God who watches all he does, and who will call him to give in his accounts by-and-by. Perhaps that poor John Deans would be here now, and a respectable man, if he had not doubted it. And yet he knew far more than I did, and could talk almost as learnedly as the colonel."

"I hope you see that all his learning has not prevented him from becoming a convicted felon," I observed, as pointedly as I could.

"Just so."

"And that when a man has no belief in God or in eternity, there is little but the judgment of his fellow-creatures to prevent his becoming the same—little, from the highest to the lowest."

Patrick eyed me with a startled look. He probably guessed the intention of my remark, and listened as if weighing my words when I added, "What you have now told me, I trust you will never repeat to any one, except Mr. Kingston or some other who could help you. People might do less harm by throwing about firebrands. With them you only destroy life and property, but those who, by careless words, scatter seeds of unbelief, endanger souls, and souls never die."

Though he looked wistfully at me, I remained silent on purpose. I was incompetent to deal with his mind, but I had struck a blow at the colonel's infallibility.

This conversation had roused my combativeness. Though far from divining Colonel Demarcay's real opinions, many of his expressions in our daily intercourse vexed and distressed me. Now I disliked him intensely. By heedlessness, to use the mildest term, he had robbed poor Patrick of the little religion he possessed, and shut him up in doubts that were worse than darkness. And my husband—what had this atmosphere of scepticism done for him? I was afraid to think, and in what I considered a righteous indignation longed to speak my mind to Colonel Demarcay.

As I rose soon afterwards, and began walking homewards, Patrick following at a little distance, an exclamation from him made me look about me.

"Mr. Demarcay Evans, I do believe!"

A young man, whom I could have taken for Victor had he been a little taller, so strong was the likeness, was striding down the path that led to the white road below.

"What was he doing here?" I asked.

"Hist!" answered Patrick.

We were not alone. Beside the small wicket-gate leading into her garden, which I was approaching, stood the striking figure of Miss Everett.

OFFICE WORK IN THE LAW COURTS.

IN a former article a description was given of the new Courts of Law as they have been constituted under the Judicature Acts. It is proposed in the present paper to give some account of that subordinate but very important legal machinery by which the Courts bring before them the cases one reads of in the newspapers, and through which they give effect to the judgments pronounced by their judges.

This machinery, moreover, is one by means of which a great amount—probably the larger amount—of the legal business of the country is transacted. Comparatively speaking, a small part of the law work of the public comes before the Court in open sitting. All the judges, both of the Common Law and Chancery Divisions of the High Court of Justice, "sit at chambers," that is to say, they hear, in what ordinarily would be called their offices, many applications which, though material, are not important enough to warrant taking up the time of the public Court, nor in all cases the employment of counsel.

By the ordinary Rules of Court, based upon Acts of Parliament, a person served with a Writ of Summons

in a cause is bound to "enter an appearance" and give some kind of answer, within a time specified on the writ. But it may happen, as it frequently does happen, that the time allowed is not enough to enable the respondent or defendant to state his defence. He wants the "time enlarged," and for this he must have the sanction of the judge, or of some responsible officer acting in his behalf. Instead of wasting the time of the Court by making his application there, he goes, or sends his solicitor, to the judge's offices, gives his reasons for his request, and either obtains an order to "enlarge time," or is directed to answer within the time already notified on the writ. The order which is the result of the application is made then and there, in much the same fashion that a merchant or broker notes, upon an important letter, a memorandum of the answer to be sent to the writer. These, and many other items of strictly judicial business, are done at the office of the Court, and are never heard of in the Court itself, except by way of appeal from an order of the Judge "at chambers." In Common

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Law business it has been the custom for the judge himself to hear and determine all important applications on process made out of Court, one or more of the judges sitting daily almost throughout the year for this purpose. The "Masters" of the Courts hear and make orders upon various intermediate applications of minor importance. In Chancery, the Vice-Chancellor and the Master of the Rolls have for years been assisted in this branch of business by their chief clerks, and of late even by some of the junior clerks, to the great saving of valuable time on the part of the judge and of the public.

But besides this there is a vast amount of legal business done in the offices of the Courts of which the public at large hears little, however particularly individual persons may be obliged to take heed of it. Something like two-thirds of the law-suits in which people engage never reach the open Court, or the public ear. Mr. This feels aggrieved at Mr. That, because the latter has pulled down his fences, or diverted his mill-stream, or, by building above the height of Mr. This's house, deprived him of some part of his "ancient lights." Or Mr. That cannot get from Mr. This a sum of money which has long been owing for "value received," and declares he will "have the law of him." In either case the aggrieved man consults his solicitor, and that wise and wary friend, if he be a decent solicitor, will not only hear patiently, but examine and cross-examine his client, with a view to elicit all the facts before he gives his advice as to the course to be taken.

It is astonishing how different a complexion a case bears, at least in its legal aspect, when it has been thus discussed and gone into by the man of law, from what it bore when stated to the aggrieved man's friend by himself.

Sometimes the solicitor is able, out of his own experience, to decide whether his client "has a case" as against his offender. When he does not feel competent to do so, he takes "counsel's opinion," that is to say, he makes out in detail a statement of the matter submitted to him, and sends it to some barrister or counsel in whom he has confidence, and asks for an opinion. A case is often stopped at this stage, either because counsel writes that in his opinion the case will not succeed if pressed to a legal claim, or because, from certain peculiar features about the case, he thinks it better, in the interests of the person concerned, to compromise or settle the case, without recourse to the Courts.

But supposing that the solicitor, on his own responsibility, or on the advice of counsel, thinks the case fit to proceed, he will write "a lawyer's letter" to the offender of his client, desiring him to do what he considers right, and generally threatening, or at least suggesting, proceedings in case of refusal. In the event of refusal, or in the absence of answer after renewed application, the solicitor, being, as every solicitor must be, an officer of the High Court of Justice, proceeds to issue a Writ of Summons. This writ is contained in a certain form which is authorised by the High Court, and which is filled in with the names of the parties, by the issuing solicitor, and is indorsed with a short statement of the nature of the claim made. That officer marks on the writ the name of the division of the High Court in which he wishes the cause to be tried if it should come to trial, and going to the Writ Office of that division, has the document sealed and recorded. This is the first step in an action, and

the writ which represents it purports to be addressed by the Court itself to the defendant, or respondent, as he is sometimes called. It is in effect so addressed, through the solicitor, who is the officer of the Court, and any defendant slighting the notice, or paying no attention to it, besides being "in contempt" of Court, suffers judgment by default, and must make his account with hearing of the matter again, but this time through the sheriff's officers, who are the executive of the law in civil process.

In another section of the same office as that from which the writ is issued, the defendant has to enter and record his appearance. He can then call upon the plaintiff to deliver a full statement of his claim, to which he may deliver his defence: and, should issue be joined thereon by the plaintiff, the whole of the pleadings, as these written documents are called, are made into one complete memorandum, and form the record for use at the trial by the judge, and by the counsel on both sides.

Not nearly all the writs issued result in actions which are tried. Often a writ will do that which a lawyer's letter will fail to do, and bring an obstinate or careless man to book. It is to some extent a sign that the plaintiff is in earnest, and many a man hesitates—even in cases where he thinks he may have a defence to offer—about embarking in a law-suit. The writ is the motor which compels him to decide this knotty question. He may elect to defend, and in that case enters his appearance in the office of the Court, and delivers to the plaintiff his defence. After this stage, when both sides know nearly exactly what their respective cases are, many a suit is stopped, not getting beyond the office of the Court and the offices of the solicitors and counsel concerned. It is competent to the plaintiff to "withdraw the record"—that is, to waive his complaint, even after the cause has been set down for trial. He may have agreed with his adversary; he may have found him too strong in his defence; or, for one of many causes, he may at the last moment decline to go into Court. Actions are frequently stopped in these ways, and in this imperfect form represent a great deal of that unpublic legal business which is done out of Court.

But even in cases which are reported as tried in open Court, whether in London or at the Assizes, the legal departments or offices have a large share of work. Suppose an order is made by a judge of the Chancery Division to wind up a public company, practically, with that order, the work of the Court in open sittings is done. The work in chambers, however, has only begun. It is there, at meetings more or less informal, before the Chief Clerk, with occasional references to the judge if need be, that the *pros* and *cons* of the matter are gone into; that the many nice points which arise, and the many interests which conflict, can have due attention. And of work of this kind there is a great deal done. Liquidations, administrations of wills which have been "thrown into Chancery," administrations of estates of "wards in Chancery"—in fact, all the Chancery business which does not require judgment on points of law by the Court itself, is done in one or other of the law offices of the Chancery Division.

For doing the work, litigious or administrative, above described, there are Chief Clerks, who are in truth minor judges, though acting in the name of the Court. There are the Record and Writ Clerks, who issue writs and file the affidavits made;

there are the Examiners, whose duty it is, when oral evidence is not given, to hear and take down the examination of witnesses in the cause to be tried; there are the Registrars, who attend the judge in Court, make a note there of the judgment given, and subsequently in their offices draw up and issue the formal decree embodying the orders of the Court. This decree is duly registered and copied, and handed out, on application, to the solicitors concerned. There is the Chancery Pay Office, a vast office, where the banking and accounting of the Court of Chancery is done.

There are also the Taxing Masters, highly-paid officers chosen from among the solicitors' body, and occupied solely with the duty of criticising and cutting down solicitors' bills of costs. A petition to the Court is "dismissed with costs." The bills are sent in to the losing side, and in most cases are taken by that side before the Taxing Master. Upon him devolves the delicate duty of deciding what charges were necessarily and *bona fide* incurred in connection with the business; whether this visit, charged at two guineas, was necessary, and, if so, whether two guineas be, under the circumstances, a proper charge; whether all those interviews with counsel were really required, or whether they were in the nature of luxuries, not properly chargeable to the other side, has to be decided by this officer. Upon him, too, devolves the duty of disallowing what in the late army purchase arrangement was called the "over-regulation" fees to counsel. The fee allowable to counsel of the various degrees of eminence, for cases of the ordinary kind, is fixed at a moderate sum by the custom of the Court. That sum is in many cases insufficient to induce Mr. Redbag's clerk to allow that eminent lawyer to go into Court. The solicitors, anxious to secure Mr. Redbag's knowledge and experience, pay a much larger fee, but the difference between it and the tariff rate must be borne by those who employ him. So says the Taxing Master, and fairly enough.

That there is a necessity for the existence of Taxing Masters is shown abundantly by some of the evidence which we extract from the Report of the Royal Commissioners on the Legal Departments in 1874.

"There are certain individuals, not solicitors, who are called professional bill-makers, who in these cases (where client and solicitor quarrel before accounts are rendered) are sometimes employed to make out a bill. The bill-maker looks at a letter in the solicitor's letter-book; the charge for writing the letter is 5s., but the charge for an attendance is 13s. 4d., and he turns it into an attendance. Then the solicitor writes a letter, in which five or six subjects are mentioned, and that letter is turned into so many different letters. Upon referring to the letter I find it runs thus: 'Dear Sir,—I enclose you a cheque; I have seen So-and-so, and he will see you to-morrow,' and so on, and he charges those as separate letters. In some cases the same letter has been charged a great many times in different bills or under different heads. That is only to be checked and got at by looking at the solicitor's letter-book each time that that letter crops up. Sometimes it has been put under a different date. In one of these cases journeys to a distance were constantly charged, 'Going to such a place, where I found So-and-so.' I look at the letter-book, and I find that those very words are contained in a letter received from the party. Considerable

time is taken up with these things, for they are fought tooth and nail."

One of the Taxing Masters mentioned cases where £880 were taxed off bills for £2,181; £164 off a bill of £400; £3,142 off £6,580; £3,300 off £5,000.

All these officers here enumerated and some others, who are rather personal to the Lord Chancellor and the other judges than officers of the Court, have their places of business in and about Chancery Lane, and Lincoln's Inn. They have hitherto been kept, and are still, distinct from the officers performing kindred functions for the Common Law Division of the High Court. They and their staff are numerous and costly, but they seem to be necessary in some shape, and it must be said in their praise that they are much quicker and far more reasonable in their mode of procedure than were the officers of the Court in the days when office-holders were paid by the fees they took, instead of by salary; and when the administration of Chancery, not so many years ago, was a scandal to the country. In those "good old times," as people who have little knowledge and some sentiment call the days "when George the Third was King," and even days anterior to his, the delay in deciding suits was disgraceful to the Court and ruinous to the suitor. There was also systematic robbery going on in the administrative departments of the very Court which was supposed to yield a refinement of justice.

In the office of the Master in Chancery, an office which was abolished in 1852, much business of a judicial kind was done. People had to attend on summons before the Master, and for issuing a summons the fee of two shillings was allowed. But in order that more fees might be extracted from the public it became a recognised practice, between the office and the solicitors, not to attend till a third summons, with treble expenses, had been issued. To the same end an unnecessary number of warrants and certificates was issued; balance-sheets and statements of figures were written instead of cyphered, to increase the copying charges; copies were made at per sheet; and fifteen lines only, with but six words in each line, were included in the sheet, and so on throughout the office administration of the Court. This kind of thing has been long since abolished, and this sort of reproach has been taken away from officers of the Court.

For the conduct of the office business of the Superior Courts of Common Law, officers of a like kind are provided, though they bear different titles, and are more generally employed on Court business than their colleagues of the Chancery Division. Thus the Common Law Masters possess the attributes of a Registrar, Taxing Master, Paymaster, and Chief Clerk in Chancery, and in their offices are initiated and recorded all the steps in a suit, from writ to judgment. Matters are often "referred to the Master" by the Court, or by consent of parties, where complicated statements and accounts, which cannot well be sifted in open Court, come forward for decision. In that case the Master, in his office, sits as judge, and hears both sides, either by counsel or by their solicitors, for it is competent to solicitors to maintain a cause in chambers, though not in open Court.

In 1872 there were issued out of the three Common Law Courts 63,926 Writs of Summons, and 15,304 Writs of Execution; 21,467 "appearances" were entered, and 23,554 judgments were recorded. There

were also 786 causes referred to the Masters for trial and settlement.

One of the Masters attends the full Court of his division, when sitting, to answer questions by the judges upon matters of practice, and to assist in any way that may be required. But it is essentially in his office that the work of the Master is done. There are seventeen of these Masters, including the Queen's Remembrancer, an officer whose function used to be specially to look after the money interest of the Crown in cases tried in the Court of Exchequer, and including "the Queen's Coroner and Attorney," an ancient officer of the old Court of Queen's Bench, and supposed specially to be versed in the criminal procedure of that Court. The tendency of modern legislation has been to deprive these officers of their distinctive functions, and to merge their duties in the general business of the Master's office. But as occasions do now and again present themselves—though rarely—for the exercise of the office of Queen's Coroner and Attorney, it is unlikely that office will be abolished. A time will probably arrive, however—possibly when the now scattered offices are gathered in one building under the roof of the new Law Courts—when the fusion between the offices of Law and Equity will be completed, as the Courts themselves have been fused by the Judicature Acts.

There are some other officers of the Courts—the Associates, the Clerks of Assize, the Judges' Marshal,

who also have a small share of office work, but it is nothing as compared with the work done in the Master's Office.

Besides the offices thus described, there are the offices of those Masters and Visitors in Lunacy, who, under the orders of the Lord Chancellor, take account of the property of the insane, authorise committees to administer such property, and inquire and determine as to the sanity or insanity of alleged lunatics. There are the busy offices of the London Court of Bankruptcy, the offices of the Registry of the Probate and Divorce Court, and those of the Admiralty Court.

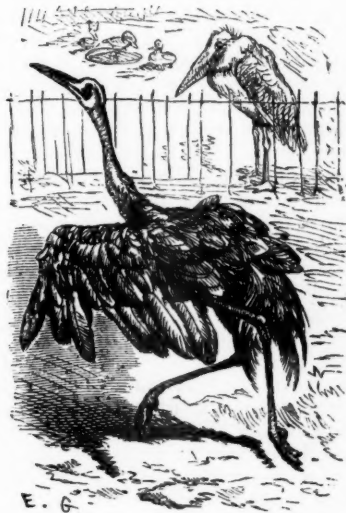
In the legal departments as a whole, an immense amount of business is transacted, exceedingly large sums of money are paid in and paid out, and a vast quantity of work is done of which the public hears nothing. In the Chancery Pay Office alone there are upwards of thirty thousand distinct accounts, representing in cash and securities more than £63,000,000. The business which leads to such results, and which is mainly conducted in the offices of the Courts of Law, must obviously be on an extensive scale, and requires the services of accomplished officers and intelligent clerks. Any description, however slight, of the new Courts established by the Judicature Acts of Lord Selborne and Lord Cairns, would clearly be imperfect without an attempt to convey some idea of the extent to which legal business is done in chambers as well as in Court.

ZOOLOGICAL DISILLUSIONS.

I HAD not been to the Zoological Gardens for a long time—not for years. When I was a child I looked on a visit to the beasts as a distinct phase among the enjoyments of life, and so retained a grateful remembrance of the whole business. The monkeys, perhaps, used to be the most charming and light-hearted feature of the show; but the sluggish bun-fed bears, who were not above accepting so small a tribute to their needs as single nuts, which they ate shells and all, and the elephants, steadily appealing for the least scrap of cake or what not, and the lions, purring over ugly-looking pieces of meat, altogether left an impression that the pleasure of the beasts was at least equal to that of the beholders.

I have just been through a process of disillusion. The other day I took some children to the old place, and came away penetrated with a suspicion that the exhibited captives mostly lead a life of continuous discomfort, to say the best of it. There is an air of plaintive protest or sullen repressed resentment about the whole concern which, when once perceived, sends away the visitor a sadder if not a wiser man. I sorely wanted to let a lot of the animals loose. There was one drabbed crane in particular, who was trying grievously to escape. Again and again he ran along the floor of his pen with outstretched wings, in reiterated hope of being able thus to launch himself in air and flee away. After repeated efforts he stood and spread his mutilated pinions wide, as much as to say, "See how they have crippled me! I have the sky above my head, but daily leap and flutter thus behind these tedious wires. Why may I not be gone?" I don't think, however, that he

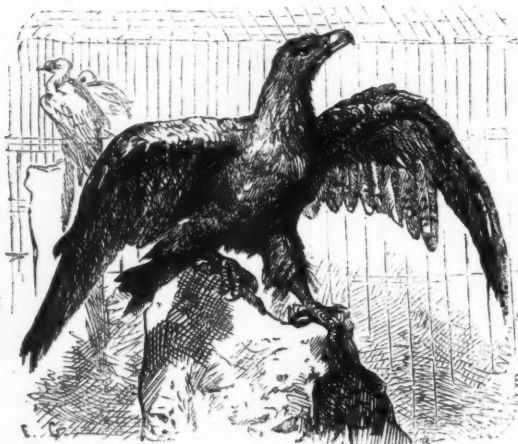
took advantage of my pause to look at him. He did not appeal to me. He did not care to catch my eye. I only saw what he was ever failing to do with his shortened wings. It was the futile business of his life to get off that flat plot of earth.



Not quite so woe-begone, the swans yet seemed to resent the green and slimy puddle provided for their swim, though they had had the spirit to produce a

little huddled group of cygnets, and seemed fat with the frequent scraps of bread pitched into their enclosure. But of all captive swans I ever saw, these surely have the narrowest and dirtiest space of water in which to disport and show themselves. It was, too, a mournful group of gulls that paced about their shabby prison. I have seen single gulls in gardens apparently appreciating an abundant store of slugs and the like, but a parcel of gulls recalls vividly the wondrous power of flotation with which they sit upon the plunging waves or whirl and scream around the breezy cliff.

The eagles, of course, exhibit an unmixed mood of melancholy. If they retain any vague tradition of "floating with supreme dominion through the azure fields of air," how profoundly they must detest the band and the crawling crowd upon the gravel round their cage!



I must confess myself to have been somewhat entertained by the emu, though they had but scant room in which to use their legs. Bags of so-called "animal food" are sold at the stalls, and contain, among other relics, some of the hardest and most angular ends of rolls and bits of crust possible. As I stopped opposite the emus, and was thinking how far they would run across the Regent's Park before they were caught if I could manage to let them out, one came and pushed the point of his triangular face between the wires of the fence. I handed him a morsel, which he bolted at once with such unconcern that I picked out a piece of stale roll about as big and hard and jagged as, say, the half of a broken soda-water bottle. He took it with the tip of his bill, and chucking it back into his mouth without so much as a gulp, asked for more. I forget how many more I gave him. They all disappeared with no more apparent effort on his part to accommodate them than is exhibited by a pillar-post. He seemed to have no "deglutition" muscles whatever—merely a hole in his head. Presently a lump began to go down his throat as big as a small hod of bricks. But he made no business of what one understands by "swallowing" in his disposal of the collection. It simply went down of itself, just as it was, juiceless, angular, and unsorted. The emu, indeed, who did not glance at, or peck, or smell what I gave him, but took it all in with snaps

like a rat-trap, betrayed such an absence of hesitation that I believe he would have accepted a pepper-castor, or a good-sized padlock with the key in it, and swallowed it without so much as a wink. Let us hope that this utter want of feeling on his part is so shared by his whole being that he does not care for restraint so much as other birds, especially the cranes and eagles. Still, I should like to see him



started for a fair race across the park before a posse of the Zoological policemen, or the executive council, if there is such a body.

Let us, however, leave the birds. I confess to have been even more distressed in some respects by the animals without wings than by those with them. The rhinoceros particularly impressed me, though he was not specially demonstrative. The day had begun to decline, and many visitors had left the gardens before I found my very old friend the rhinoceros. I am not sure, however, whether he was my old friend. I believe that the rhinoceros of my youth, who once ate up a collection of paper



bags with much gusto at my hands, was killed by a London fog in the year 1873. Let me observe parenthetically that the people who live in a city where the oak dies, and where a beast of the apparent

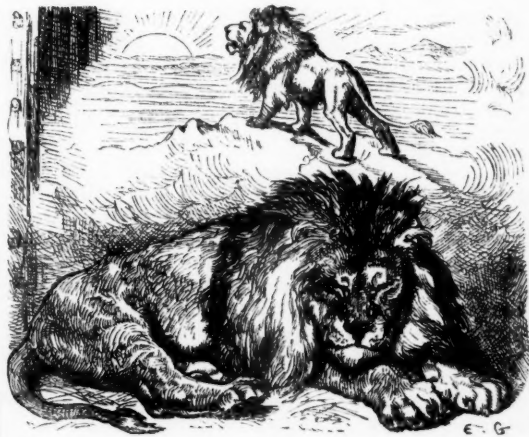
armoured inaccessibility of the rhinoceros yields up his life through fog, need the best possible facilities for access to the country. To return to our armoured monster. The sun was setting; the visitors had mostly gone home to dinner; the band had left; the waiters who minister ices to the summer crowd were chatting in idle groups, wishing for the hour of release. It was then that I paid my respects to the rhinoceros. The day was hot and dry; but though certainly he had a tank, there was no mud in which he could roll. He was meditatively stroking the gritty floor of his enclosure with his horn, when he became aware of a penultimate visitor. For some time he did not notice, or rather regard me. Presently, becoming aware of my persistent waiting by his bars, he looked up and waddled to the barrier, holding up his spongy jaws. I gave him an empty bag of "animal food," which he ate with evident relish. Being made probably of straw paper, it was to him a mouthful of hay, though it was disguised by the printed nature of its artificial contents conspicuous upon it. He swallowed the advertisement. Then I presented him with a bag of the "food," bag and all. This he munched gravely, and at first with a sort of curious conjecture in his face as to the contents of the envelope. But he was really sad, and when the offering was finally chewed and swallowed, he gave me a sort of melancholy stare with his little eye, and went back to his business of stroking the dry gravel with his horn, as much as to say, "If you shut me up like this, you might as well let me have some slime in which to roll before I go to bed." I left him wearily searching over his enclosure for something that was not simply water, but moist.

The bears next exercised me. I went to the pit. Several were lying on its greasy pavement, seemingly satisfied with the day's tale of buns. They did not care to mount the pole or beg. We threw down food, and two, near whom it fell, lazily ate what they could reach without getting up. Perhaps these bears have more than enough, and are thus reconciled to human society, being forgetful of that dislike of human tones which, they say, bears exhibit in their natural condition. I remember some years ago, when I was in the region of the Rocky Mountains, hearing of a bear who was so startled by the voice of a man as to expose himself to danger in his impulse for escape. This bear was sitting on a plot of grass at the edge of a western wooded precipice, and lazily licking the sunshine off his paws, and looking at his finger nails in the full rays of the level sun. My informant told me that he crept under some shrubs behind Bruin and suddenly shouted. He started up, and, without a thought of the possible consequence, leaped over the edge of the cliff. They heard him, my friend said, go crashing down among the trees. So much for the bear's dislike to the human voice divine. Now the next bear that I visited at the Zoological Gardens had no such prejudice, but rather accepted my spoken proposal that I should give him something. He slowly put himself behind the bars of his cage into a sort of heraldic attitude, straddling out his legs, and holding his arms up diagonally while he opened his mouth to its widest stretch, and kept it open like one of those facial toys into which children toss a ball in play. After getting the proper range I made some very good practice, and pitched a lot of food into his mouth. He let it accumulate till he got a supply which was

worth swallowing, and then gaped again, in which position, being short of ammunition, I was compelled to leave him. It was more practical than graceful. He kept his mouth at full stretch for, say, three or



four minutes more, just as if he had observed some physician in the crowd, and was anxious to show his tongue, or have his uvula inspected. Of all his brethren, the Polar bear is, I think, the most conspicuously unhappy and restless. What a change from the frozen solitudes of the north to pant all through a July day, on a small sloppy pavement, on the level of a hundred eyes, and be expected to show gratitude for nuts, about the last food he would be likely to acquire, or inherit any possible taste for.



I went quickly through the monkey-house. Our "poor relations," as Lamb called them, were more indelicate and humiliating than usual, and less funny. The humour of monkeys lies in the extreme gravity with which they display it. Story-tellers, if they wish to be effective, might learn of them, and not

spoil the cream of a joke by announcing that it is "good," or laughing in its delivery or performance. One little fellow sat fleeing his uncle with as solemn a face as if he were reading a will or deciphering a palimpsest.

After a depressing glance at the monkeys, grave and offensively gay, we looked at the deer. One little fawn alone seemed to be enjoying himself. He had constructed a small routine of exercise, which consisted of perpetually repeated runs at the walls of his stable, against which he leaped, and, striking his four feet upon it as high as he could reach, turned himself round in the air. His mother watched him in staid silence, though every now and then he ran up to her, as much as to ask, "Did you observe how cleverly I did the trick that time?"

Perhaps the lions and tigers exhibit the keenest sense of the irksomeness of captivity. Nothing can express this more than the persistent way in which they pace up and down as close as possible to the bars which stand between them and liberty, and brush the cold iron with their whiskers. What a reserve of energy there is in that elastic patrol and silent springy footfall, as the strong beast turns with the ease of an eel, and breathes with a force that blows a clear track in the sawdust of the den. And what possibilities of savage roar are suggested by that cavernous grunt or groan, which seems too deep a bass to issue from so small a chest. Why, when they were about it, did not the curators of the beasts provide these with bigger prisons? The introduction of some wooden stumps is a move in the right direction; but why could there not have been a whole tree set up, from the branches of which a tiger might have glared, and leaped upon his leg of mutton? Moreover, at least one cage should have been five times the size of those provided, with rocks round which lions might have looked. The dens are too square and prim, and too completely commanded by the eye of the spectator. The sentiment of white-wash is too importunate. Surely the beasts could be kept clean in more rugged and less staring surroundings. I would have the walls of their dens painted to represent the natural homes of the captives, and their bars replaced by thick plates of toughened glass, or at least wrought in the shape of jungle grass or reeds, and coloured to represent the vegetation in the midst of which the animals are found. There are plenty of scenic artists who could thus wonderfully add to the exhibition of the lions and tigers. If we must have them on show, they should have an appropriate background. Now they seem to be carefully denied all the accessories of their kind. If I had, say, an alderman to exhibit, and wanted people to carry away a notion of what he looked like under circumstances most familiar to the popular conception of him, I would not stand him up bare in a rectangular white cell, with a tin pannikin of turtle soup in the corner, but dress him in his chains and robes, and seat him in a room designed and decorated from the interior of the Mansion House. So with these grand beasts. They should be set and move in a worthier and more appropriate frame.

The elephants, perhaps, seem most at home of all the animals in the place, and are shown off under some fitting condition. They, or at least some of them, are suitably guided by Asiatics in turbans, and move through the crowd with the same deliberate loose strength as they exhibit among the people of

their land. But I think I would have at least one of them gilt. There would then be a patch of oriental splendour among the trees of the garden.

The aquarium is pronounced to be interesting and instructive. Some of the little fish don't seem to mind it, but the confinement of an animal which naturally flashes through water like a shark is somewhat sad. There was an unlucky pike, perfectly still, with a sort of fungus growing on his nose in a little tank whose mysterious sides must have sorely perplexed him.

I wonder what most people, if the question were put to them, would say was the use and influence of the Zoological Gardens. They are a curious piece of savage world trapped in the midst of a luxurious city; and I could not help, while I paced them the other day, being reminded of a gipsy tent I had lately seen pitched close to a large and bustling railway station. It was a little patch out of a remote age by the side of the most modern phase of life. So these pens of wild beasts, around which the idle, the curious, and the fashionable lounge, are chiefly a set-off against and condiment to the sensations of tame civilisation. It is for the creation of contrasts that they are really visited by the crowd, and not from any desire to learn anything about their individual ways and looks. Indeed, some information about these would be much more accurately and vividly conveyed if, as I have said, pains were taken to exhibit the animals in more appropriate frames. These gardens might be made infinitely more instructive and striking by surrounding each animal with some indications of his habitat.

Along with all this, however, there is to me an oppressive sentiment of restraint about the whole business. And if ever I went up in a balloon and hung close over London, and if ever the animals were to break loose, I should like the two events to coincide, and to see what would happen on a bad day if the beasts were all suddenly freed. They were very nearly let out some time ago. If the barge laden with gunpowder had happened to blow up as it passed between the two sections of the gardens, there would have been a rare hunt of wild beasts in St. John's Wood and the park.

As it is, I suppose that the very restlessness of the beasts is some assurance of their survival. Many of them seem to live solely by the action of perpetual hope; I mean in a moral sense, whilst in a physical or bodily one, the continuous examination of their bars must help to keep the lions and tigers alive. I imagine that if ever an animal could be penetrated with the conviction that he was imprisoned for life, he would not care to exert himself at all. Divers of the beasts, however, spend almost every hour of their waking day in importunately seeking for a door of escape; and thus they are unconsciously exercised. But though this perpetual desire to escape keeps them going, it spoils the charm of a holiday at the gardens to those whose enjoyment is any wise measured by their consciousness of sympathy with those amongst whom they would entertain themselves. The "Zoo" is really a jail in which all the prisoners are sentenced for life, and none have deserved imprisonment. And the chief gratification of those who frequent it lies, as the gardens are now arranged, in the contrast, generally unanalysed and unconsciously felt, between the free security of the crowd of visitors and the hopelessness of the captivity in which the company of the beasts is kept.

BRAZIL AND ITS CHIEF CITIES.

BY ANDREW JAMIESON.

HAVING been connected for the last three years and a-half with the making, laying, and repairing of the submarine cables for the east coast of South America, I have had unusual advantages of seeing the principal cities of the large empire of Brazil, as well as of observing the character of the inhabitants, and the chief features of the coast-lying country, with its productions. I shall, therefore, endeavour to state briefly my experiences and impressions, commencing with the most northerly city of Brazil to which the cable has been brought, and then follow its course southward.

In the first place comes Parà, a city of some 25,000 inhabitants, situated ninety miles south of the equator, and seventy-five miles from the mouth of the River Parà, which river is connected with the great Amazon, but not strictly considered as one of its numerous outlets. The town of Parà has been built on a flat and swampy piece of ground along the banks of the river, and although, as viewed from the anchorage ground, it assumes on a fine morning, or under the shades of a setting sun, a picturesque and beautiful appearance, yet, on a closer inspection, it is found to be one of the dirtiest and filthiest of places. The streets are badly paved, and there seem to be no scavengers, except the turkey buzzard, a bird somewhat resembling our domestic turkey, but less in size. It is found in great numbers, looking everywhere for offal with a tameness, laziness, and dirtiness that is most offensive to the newly-arrived visitor. Parà is the capital of the large province of the same name, and the chief export town for all the Amazonas, which supply india-rubber, Brazil-nuts, cocoa, many kinds of oils and medicinal substances. Of these the most important in a commercial point of view, is the indiarubber.

Steam navigation is making its way on the Amazon, and few rivers in the world are so well adapted for it. The Amazonian Steam Navigation Company, which have their chief depôt at Parà, have more than a dozen steamers, whose average tonnage is from 500 to 600, and they run for nearly 2,000 miles up the river. It would well pay an enterprising company or companies to start steam navigation on some of the large tributaries of the Amazon, for it is only by this means that the great natural riches of that most productive country can be properly opened up; but it will take a very long time if left solely to the Brazilians.

The inhabitants of Parà are a very lazy lot of people; but perhaps it is no wonder, for the climate there is so enervating, and the heat so great and constant all the year round, that even energetic Englishmen, after the residence of a few years, fall into the same indolent sleepy style of doing things.

The submarine cable is laid in one stretch from Parà to Pernambuco, a distance of 1,237 knots. Arrangements are being made for connecting it with the town of Maranhão, which is about the same size as Parà.

The town of Maranhão is situated at the extremity of the bay, and on the island of the same name, and is about 150 miles south of the equator. It is built on two hills and the valley between them, and is one of

the cleanest as well as one of the most substantially built towns in Brazil. There are many large churches, a president's palace, a theatre, and other buildings of note, but not a single good hotel, which may be owing to the fact that business has been very dull there for the last eight years, although there are strong hopes that it may shortly revive. The chief exports are cotton and sugar, and a small trade is done in tapioca, rum, oil of copaiva, hides, etc. The National Brazilian line of steamers call here twice a month on their way to and from Rio de Janeiro and Parà, as well as a line of steamers from Liverpool, which also call at Parà and Ceará, so that every facility is offered for doing business with the province.

The people, as a rule, seemed kinder, more genial, and hospitable than those we met with in Parà, which may be accounted for from the fact that Maranhão originally was a French colony. The climate is considered healthier than that of Parà, and there have been comparatively few cases of yellow fever. On the other hand, a new disease called berry-berry has been troubling European as well as native residents of late years; it affects the limbs in a peculiar way below the knee, and the sufferer cannot walk without difficulty and considerable pain. This singular disease has only appeared within the last twenty years, but seems to be spreading, and reports of its prevalence at several of the other coast towns are now heard of; the best and most effectual cure seems to be an early change to a colder climate—either to the south, or across to Europe.

This province abounds perhaps as much as any of the others with fruits, and here are to be found the most delicious mangoes, as well as oranges, lemons, etc., for the mere picking of them, and the rivers contain numerous fish, so that the inhabitants have not to work very hard in order to live.

The depths of the ocean opposite the entrance to Maranhão Bay are very irregular, and a ridge of rocks extends in a line almost parallel to the coast for a considerable distance. We observed soundings varying from forty fathoms to one mile deep, within a distance of a mile and a half of each other, added to which a constant current runs setting to the N.W., varying in speed with the direction and strength of the wind, as well as the stage of the moon, from one to four knots an hour; so that the difficulties of laying and keeping a cable in repair in this part of the world are very much increased.

Passing a number of small coast towns, such as Parnahiba, Ceará, Parahiba, etc., we come to Pernambuco, a town with about 100,000 inhabitants. It is built upon low-lying and somewhat swampy ground, 500 miles south of the equator, and on the most easterly point of South America, which fact makes it a most convenient place of call for vessels bound to or from the north and south of Europe, so that they may receive orders from the agents of the chief houses, by whom they are owned or chartered; and this is especially the case since telegraphic communication has been established between Pernambuco and Europe.

The principal exports of Pernambuco are sugar

and cotton, but exertions are being made to grow coffee, and certainly the appearance of the trees which I saw about two years ago in the interior was very healthy. A number of the merchants in Pernambuco hail from Scotland, and not a few from Aberdeen and the northern counties; they, as well as those at Bahia, are noted for their hospitality and kindness to strangers. The country round about Pernambuco is of a flat and unpicturesque appearance, and although the town itself can boast of a few fine buildings, such as the provincial Parliament-house, theatre, Associação Commercial, churches, and two good bridges, the appearance, as a whole, cannot be admired, owing to the irregular way in which it is laid out. Most of the European merchants reside out of town, coming and going from their business-houses by trains or tramways, which extend in every direction for distances of three to six miles from the city.

A most remarkable reef runs here parallel to the coast, at a distance of a quarter of a mile from the coast, or less in most places, which forms a break-water and naturally safe harbour for ships not drawing over fifteen or sixteen feet of water. This reef was built upon by the Dutch when they held possession of the northern provinces of Brazil, that is to say, they erected upon it a strong brick wall of from four to six feet high, with a fort at the northern extremity near the natural opening, through which the ships enter; and these are still standing as monuments of their industry and perseverance. When Sir John Hawkshaw was out there with his assistants, about eighteen months ago, he gave directions for borings and soundings to be taken on and close to this reef, with a view of ascertaining its nature and profundity, and I understand it was found not to be of coral formation, but more of a sandy concrete, with perpendicular sides to a depth of some fifteen or twenty feet, but that the cause or origin of its formation was doubtful. This leads me to remark that although it is very inconvenient that large ships cannot enter the inner harbour of Pernambuco, but have to anchor some two miles out in the roads, exposed to any wind or sea that may spring up; yet it is not so necessary for the prosperity of this province to have a new, enlarged, and improved harbour, as it is to have better roads and railway communication with the sugar and cotton-growing districts. Outsiders will scarcely credit it, but nevertheless it is true, that the greater part of the sugar and most of the cotton are conveyed to the city of Pernambuco for embarkation, on the backs of small horses, which often have to travel distances of over two hundred miles on the worst possible roads, or rather footpaths, before arriving at good roads (which only extend for a few miles from the town). The expenses connected with this mode of transit are so great, that it takes the full price received for one of the bags to pay for the conveyance of the two carried by the animal from the Engenho, or estate, to the city. The consequence is that the growing of Brazilian sugar and cotton leaves but a very small profit; the owners of the estates have not money to buy new and more improved kinds of machinery, the import and export duties are very high, and the West Indian and North American competition is so keen, that this part of the country is in a far from healthy commercial condition. Unless the Government of Brazil soon sets itself vigorously and systematically to work in assisting

and encouraging a more improved state of matters, this and the northern provinces will fall from bad to worse, and it will come to be a very anxious time for those who are commercially connected with these places. Another great source of complaint in the northern provinces is that all the revenue and customs dues are sent to head-quarters at Rio de Janeiro, and very little ever comes back, so that provincial taxes have to be levied to keep up the public edifices, etc., while the money sent to the capital of the empire is spent, and sometimes very much mispent, in keeping up and administering to the comfort or freaks of the government-officials there.

About five miles to the north of the city of Pernambuco is situated the quaint old-fashioned little town of Olinda, where I stayed for two months, coming into Pernambuco daily by train to business. Olinda is remarkable as being the seat of the bishop, as well as for the large number of places of worship, all of them Roman Catholic, of course. I once went over the whole place in order to enumerate them, and counted as many as twenty buildings, including nunneries and the cathedral, and this in a small town, with certainly not over 6,000 inhabitants. Throughout the whole empire of Brazil, the number of churches is nevertheless greater in proportion to the population than here; and they are all under the Roman Catholic religion except four English churches in Pernambuco, Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, and St. Paulo, and a few French and German places of worship, all of which are but thinly attended.

Talking about the religion of the country, it takes quite a different form from that at home, for you scarcely ever see any of the male part of the population attending divine service on a Sunday: it is only on festal or special saints' days that they come to church with their families, and then they crowd in thousands, but for the main purpose, as far as I could make out, of seeing and being seen—to witness the fireworks and hear the music. It seems to be part and parcel of the Brazilian service on these days to make as great a noise as possible with bands of music, ringing of bells, letting off of fireworks of every description, burning of huge candles, and other tomfooleries; though it is puzzling to understand how they can associate these displays with the masses and prayers which the priests are, to all appearance, offering up at the time. It was only the other day that I witnessed the great procession of "Corpus Christi," in which an image of Christ was carried through the streets of Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, where thousands and thousands of Brazilians were present, with every outward show possible; and during one of the most solemn parts of the ceremony the military bands were playing lively airs from "La Fille de Madame Angot!" Such is Brazilian religion as at present developed.

The next city of importance which we come to is Bahia, beautifully situated on the north side of the Bahia de Todos os Santos (Bay of all Saints), which is about 350 miles south of Pernambuco. The town has a very pretty and picturesque appearance as viewed from the centre of the bay, being for the most part built on steep and sloping banks interspersed with gardens of cocoanut and palm-trees, as well as other tropical plants, which throw the houses into bold relief.

The chief exports of Bahia are tobacco, sugar, and coffee, fine woods and diamonds. The cigars made

from Bahia tobacco are very good indeed, but inferior to Havannas, and from the high price of labour paid for making them, and equally high duty at home, it is scarcely worth while importing them; consequently, they are chiefly consumed on the coast, the Brazilians being a great smoking race. This year the tobacco crop was estimated at 500,000 bales, each bale weighing 160 lbs., from which an idea can be formed of the large business done in this branch of trade.

The sugar is not such a paying speculation as the tobacco; in fact, sugar-growing for exporting has been at a discount all along the coast of Brazil for the last few years; not so coffee, of which I shall have something to say when we come to Rio de Janeiro and Santos. The diamonds found in the province of Bahia are of the finest water in the world; they fell tremendously in price during the rush to the Cape diamond-fields, although they are again fetching a much better price in the market, having been proved to be of superior quality, although not found in such great numbers.

Bahia can boast of a very good English club, where they are very hospitable and kind to strangers. There are also English cricket and rowing clubs; and it would be a good thing if young Brazil would only imitate young England abroad instead of lounging and lolling about doing nothing, as is more or less the custom.

One is very much struck with the large proportion of black people at Bahia. About one-third of the population are blacks, one-third mulattoes, and the remainder whites, comprising Brazilians, Portuguese, English, Germans, French, and Italians; in all about two hundred thousand inhabitants. Of the blacks there are several kinds, but none can compare, in stature and physique, with the *Mina negro*, originally from the province of Mina, in Western Africa. The negroes of this class are especially large, finely-made women, many of them weighing sixteen stone, with skins of a tawny, lightish-brown colour, resembling brown velvet, and a dignified and even graceful appearance of figure and countenance. On festival or saints' days they are splendidly got up with large muslin turbans upon their heads, necklaces of gold and coral beads, large, bright-coloured shawls, which they wear across the breast, and thrown carelessly over the right shoulder, pure white dresses, with their arms and fingers more or less covered with bracelets and rings of native manufacture.

To the south of Bahia there is no town of importance until we come to Rio de Janeiro, some seven hundred odd miles distant from the former, along a coast the configuration of which is of a very rugged and mountainous character. The only regular means of communication between the two towns is by sea. The scenery at and from the entrance to the Bay of Rio de Janeiro is magnificently fine and grand. On the left hand we have the immense rock of granite called the Sugar Loaf (*Paó de Assucar*), backed by the peaks of Corovada and Tiguca, as well as the strangely-shaped Gavia, while on the other hand are the richly-wooded hills above the strongly-built fort of Santa Cruz, and more inland the range of Organ Mountains, with their singularly needle-pointed summits, all combining in a clear morning to form one of the finest and most beautiful views imaginable.

The anchorage ground commences about two miles from the entrance, and extends for five miles in length and one to two in breadth, the depth being sufficient for the mooring of the largest class of

vessels at any state of the tide. All communication between the shore and the shipping is carried on by means of boats, barges, and small steamers, as there are no piers to which the ships can be moored; but as the bay is scarcely ever in a turbulent state, the inconvenience from this mode of transit is not so much felt as at Bahia and the outer harbour of Pernambuco. What causes so much annoyance to new-comers is the roundabout and tedious system of protective measures adopted by the Custom House authorities for examining luggage and goods. The unfortunate traveller has to submit to the removal of his baggage to the large Custom House, where the officials are not in any hurry to examine and pass the same, but put him off with the invariable shrug of their shoulders, accompanied by the general Brazilian comforting assurance of "*espera um pouco*" (wait a little), and "*a amanhã, a amanhã*" (to-morrow, to-morrow). There is nothing that I know of, which is more tantalising than having to go time after time inquiring if your luggage has been passed, when it is so clearly evident that, by greater exertion or a less teasing way of managing matters, the whole affair might be gone through on board the steamers before disembarking.

With respect to the city of Rio de Janeiro itself, we were rather disappointed, principally on account of the narrowness and filthiness of its streets; for one would have expected something above the average in the capital of the empire, and in a town which, with its suburbs, numbers over five hundred thousand inhabitants. The fact of the matter is, that the water and drainage systems are greatly at fault, for in the rainy season the streets are overflashed with water, while in the summer time there is a great scarcity even for drinking purposes. Such a bad state of sanitary matters no doubt tends greatly to the prevalence of the fevers which exist, and are so common in this and the other Brazilian towns, although it is alleged by some, that before the appearance in Brazil of that dreadful and now so common pestilence, the yellow fever, the towns were still more filthy than they are at present. It is said that there were at least 200 deaths daily in the city of Rio de Janeiro and its suburbs for about a week during the worst time this last spring, and many thousands were cut off.

Adding the perils of fever to the small inducements in the way of business, it is certainly not worth the risk for English clerks to go out to Brazil and undergo all the chances of death or a broken constitution, in such an unhealthy tropical climate, for the miserably small salaries generally offered by commercial houses. Much better let them plod on at home for one-fourth the amount than undergo such hazards, and perhaps if they escape these, have barely enough left to keep them comfortably for half a year, after completing a five years' engagement.

Returning to the more direct thread of our narrative, we find that, on strolling or driving through the suburbs, the feeling of disappointment which had filled us at finding such narrow and dirty streets in the city, gradually vanished before the beautiful villas, prettily kept gardens, and nicely laid out terraces, all backed by the high mountains, covered to their summits with a deep green foliage. Rio de Janeiro is well supplied with tramways, and as a rule they are very well managed, and give a handsome return to their owners. The cars are much lighter, and evidently more suited for that particular form of traffic than those built in this country, while the

mules make a more handy and expert animal for the traction of the same than the large horses employed at home; in fact, we might very well take a hint from the way in which tramways are managed in that part of the world.

Mules are very much employed as beasts of burden in Brazil, and they far surpass the native horses in durability; for the latter seem to get used up in a few years. The horses are trained to have a peculiar skipping, ambling action, which is very easy for the rider, and which they can keep up for a whole day at an average speed of five miles an hour; they are neat, but small animals, and seldom exceed fourteen and a half hands in height. Both the horses and mules are bred in the interior, and it is a rare thing indeed to see a mare in the cities, for it is considered ungallant by the Brazilians to use a mare for any kind of labour.

The principal export of this and the surrounding provinces is coffee, which is chiefly shipped to the United States, only a small percentage of it being brought to Europe. Brazilian coffee is somewhat different from, and considered by many people to be inferior to, that of Mocca and Ceylon, but nevertheless a very large business is done, and several large fortunes have been made by growing and exporting it. Almost all the coffee estates are owned and managed by Brazilians and Portuguese, but I have heard it remarked by those most competent to judge that it is a pity some experienced English planters did not try to grow coffee in Brazil, because, what with improved modes of culture and preparation, the quality and quantity might be greatly enhanced; for the natural features and formation of the country and soil are well adapted for it.

Railways extend in different directions from the capital, the most notable of which is the Dom Pedro Segundo Railroad, owned and worked by the Government of Brazil. This line has been carried for nearly two hundred miles towards the interior, through a most beautiful and fertile country, as yet only half cultivated. Many schemes are at present on hand for extending the existing railways of Brazil, and extensive surveys have been carried out under the superintendence of English and foreign engineers, yet it will be a long time before these projects can be carried out, on account of the poverty of the Government and the want of proper guarantees.

The Brazilian Government has built a handsome and expensive Treasury, but has as yet little to put into it. Last year the monetary condition of the country was very bad indeed, and no less than three large banking firms suspended payment in Rio de Janeiro.

Petropolis, the great retreat from Rio de Janeiro in the unhealthy season, is a prettily situated little town, about 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. The usual route to this far-famed sanitarium is to take one of the small steamers which ply between the Gamboa in the city, and the Mauá railway—a nice pleasant sail of an hour or so past the many small islands, and along the beautiful shores of Rio de Janeiro Bay; then by the Mauá railway along a low-lying and somewhat swampy country for ten miles, to the foot of the hills, where carriages drawn by from four to eight hardy little mules will be in waiting to take you up the steep but well-constructed macadamised zigzag road to Petropolis.

On arrival thereat one is delighted to find a good English hotel, and the traveller or old resident almost

fancies himself back in Europe. Everything has lost the strictly tropical appearance, and not only the houses, but the people remind one of the German element, the fact being that Petropolis was originally a German colony.

The Emperor has here a palace, a much gayer and more pleasant-looking residence than that which he occupies at San Christovão, near Rio, and many of the Imperial Parliament, as well as wealthier Brazilians, retire to this little paradise amongst the mountains to enjoy a respite from their duties and the heat of summer. In order to have a change of scenery, and to see a little more of the country, one can very pleasantly come back to Rio de Janeiro city by quite a different route, viz., by taking the coach which runs from Petropolis to Juiz de Fora, as far as Entre Rios, and thence by the Dom Pedro Segundo Railway to Rio de Janeiro. This is a splendid drive, as the mules are kept well in hand, and the coach bowls along the well-made road at a speed of ten miles an hour, changing animals every ten miles.

The distance from Petropolis to Entre Rios is about fifty miles, and from Entre Rios to Rio de Janeiro a little over one hundred. The ride by the train is especially interesting, as the traveller passes through one of the finest coffee-growing districts in Brazil, and the opportunities of seeing the country are greatly increased by the steep gradients over which the railway passes. We found the travelling accommodation and general management on this line equal to that on most of our English railways.

We have spoken of the several towns Pará, Pernambuco, and Bahia, to the north of the Brazilian capital, and we shall now say a few words about those cities to the south which have also been joined together by submarine telegraphic communication, viz., Santos, Santa Catharina, and Rio Grande do Sul.

The little town of Santos is most easily reached by the Paulista line of steamers, which ply between it and Rio de Janeiro once or twice a week, taking from eighteen to twenty hours in the passage. It is a dirty, filthy, badly-situated place, of some 10,000 inhabitants, and were it not that it is rendered important to merchants as being the chief port for the exportation of coffee from the Saint Paulo and Santos provinces, it would hardly have been worth while mentioning it. Santos is one of the worst hotbeds of yellow fever, and altogether a most unsatisfactory place of residence for Englishmen, being built on low and swampy ground along the banks of a river and bay.

Santa Catharina is a much healthier and more prettily-situated town, although very little trade is done at it. The inhabitants being by nature placed in a most productive and luxurious spot, do little or nothing for their livelihood, except the making of fish-scale and feather flowers, and the planting of just sufficient fruits to keep life together.

It is really a great pity to see such large tracts of splendid land and beautiful country as are here to be met with, uncultivated and apparently uncared for, owned (it is said) chiefly by families in Rio de Janeiro, who will neither sell it nor work it themselves. True it is that there have been several emigration schemes set on foot for cultivating the rich soil in this and the surrounding provinces, but they have all more or less signally failed. The Brazilian Government entrusted the management to greedy and speculative agents, whose chief aim seemed to

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be to make the most money out of it in the shortest time possible. Consequently it is not astonishing to learn that they selected the most unsuitable kind of people from large centres of industry, such as Manchester, Liverpool, etc., where they were hurriedly got together, packed out to Brazil, and treated when they arrived more like a herd of cattle than anything else. It is said that about four years ago a number arrived at Paranaguá, where they were huddled into a damp shed, without regard to sex, and, after unnecessary delay, marched up the country, where scarcely any preparations had been made for their reception. Certain it is that many of them have died, others worked their way home again the best way they could, and out of the four hundred or so, there can be said to be scarcely one family which has done well; so that a strong damper has been thrown on emigration to Brazil from this country. The Portuguese and Germans are the only people who have done any good as emigrants to Brazil.

A kind of tea, called *Matté*, is the great export from the country lying to the north of Santa Catharina. It has a slightly bitter taste, and a stimulating effect, being greatly consumed by the Spaniards in the River Plate and southern provinces of South America. Some of the finest orchards are to be found in this part of the country, as well as rare specimens of butterflies; in fact, Brazil all over is a splendid field for the botanist and naturalist.

Good steamer communication is kept up with Rio de Janeiro, Santa Catharina, and Rio Grande do Sul by means of two national lines of steamers, specially designed for crossing the shallow bar at the latter port. One of these lines is carried on under the agency of the well-known steam-ship company, Lamport and Holt, and very fine well-suited steamers they have for this southern navigation. By one of that company's steamers you can make a voyage from Rio de Janeiro to Rio Grande do Sul in less than five days, touching at Paranaguá and Santa Catharina for a few hours to land and take off passengers and mails.

The distance between Santa Catharina and Rio Grande do Sul is about 300 miles; and 200 miles below the former we leave the bold and mountainous scenery which we carried with us all the way from Bahia, and instead, we find a low, sandy, grassy campo, with little elevation all along the coast to beyond the Brazilian frontier. In fact, the land is so low at the entrance to the Rio Grande do Sul harbour that the coast can scarcely be distinguished five miles off. The bar and entrance to the river, harbour, and large inland lake-navigation are very shallow, and only those ships which draw under ten feet can pass, even at full tide; added to which the sand is continually shifting its position, so that it is always necessary to have a good pilot on board, for many ships have been lost from neglecting this simple precaution. The moment one gets on shore at Rio Grande do Sul he is sure to be struck with the great contrast between this and the other Brazilian towns we have mentioned. It is so much more English, not to say civilised-looking; the merchants live above their stores, and have nice little social parties. There is also an English club, where a stranger is made heartily welcome, and treated to the best of everything going.

The principal exports of Rio Grande do Sul province are hides and bones, the whole country for many hundreds of miles being of a pastoral nature.

Here I found good shooting amongst beautiful, large, black-headed swans, teal, and other varieties of the duck, snipe, etc. There are also very good horses, so cheap and easily kept, that every clerk can sport his horse. Everything is much cheaper here than in the northern towns, and the climate very healthy: besides which one can grow almost any kind of European vegetable, and obtain good milk and fresh butter, so that it is very much more suited for Englishmen than the more northerly and tropical provinces of Brazil.

Two energetic Germans have started here a factory for making thick woollen goods; I think it is the only one for such a purpose in Brazil. The country is very backward in that way, and the fault entirely lies with the Government. As far as words are concerned, they hold out grand hopes to intending manufacturers, yet, when it comes to the push, they have so many formalities, and raise so many obstacles with regard to rights, etc., that the unfortunate well-intending capitalist having to tip so many officials, and finding so many mirages, is glad to escape with what remainder of his money may be left him. This is an every-day-felt and much-talked-of grievance, which has great need of being removed; in fact, until the Brazilian Government offer more substantial inducements, or ameliorate some of their bad customs, there is not much chance of their rivalling the United States either in manufactures or commerce of any kind.

It is to be hoped that for the future welfare of Brazil that the Emperor, who has been to the Philadelphia Exhibition and again to Europe, may return to his country invigorated and determined to put in force some of the better laws and regulations of the countries through which he has travelled, in substitution for imperfect ones of Brazil, which have become more or less peculiar to that country. He is a man very highly informed; besides being a good linguist and learned in science and art, he possesses good common sense far beyond the generality of his subjects, and cannot help clearly seeing where the faults lie. The task is a great and difficult one, but it must be overcome if Brazil is to hold her own with the more enlightened and fast progressing countries of Europe and America. Favoured naturally by a most productive soil, and a climate not unhealthy in the interior, his main object, while ameliorating the laws, should be to encourage free trade, and to stimulate the better cultivation of land for the growth of those articles for which his country is pre-eminently adapted, such as sugar, cotton, and coffee. Further, there is need of good roads and railways towards the interior, whereby a ready and cheap means of transit may be insured for the productions to the various ports. Let there be the introduction of more improved modes of refining and manufacturing sugar, and, above all, a thorough overhaul as to the sanitary condition of the coast towns and cities, in order that their healthiness and comfort may be improved, thereby inducing the importation of fresh and energetic blood in the persons of hardy and intelligent emigrants. Unless these and such like reforms are carried out and maintained, the country must rest contented to be numbered amongst the last places where enterprising and healthy commerce is to be carried on, and where Englishmen would care to reside for life.

I have not spoken of any of the towns of the interior, as I have had no opportunity of visiting them

personally, but none of them contain above 40,000 inhabitants, and they are not of so much importance to Englishmen at present as those on the coast. Brazil is such an immense country, being estimated at over three millions of square miles, or nearly twenty-six times the size of the British Isles, that it might have a great future if the people were made more worthy of the land.

From an American source we take the following notice of missionary work in Brazil:—

The religion of Brazil is the saddest feature of its national life. Here Romanism, having had the field to itself for the three centuries which have passed since the murder of the Huguenot emigrants, has become thoroughly demoralised. The ignorant and immoral priesthood having lost hold upon the nation, the prevailing tone of the community is that of indifference and unbelief. For many years the British and American Bible Societies have sown the Word of God broadcast throughout the empire. This work was largely engaged in by the Methodist Episcopal missionaries, who were stationed at Rio de Janeiro during the years 1836-42. Thus it has come to pass that appeals from Bible-readers here and there in Brazil to the missionaries for preaching are an especial feature of the evangelising work now carried on in that country. For some years the only evangelical preacher in the Portuguese language was Dr. Kalley, a Scotchman, unconnected with any Christian denomination. He has a church of long standing in Rio de Janeiro, and a new station at Pernambuco. In 1859 the American Presbyterian Board sent its first missionary to Brazil, and ten years later the Southern Presbyterians sent several labourers. The chief station of the Northern Presbyterians is Rio Janeiro. Here a substantial church, with schoolroom and bookshop, has been erected, and more than 200 persons have been received on profession of faith. From this centre preaching is conducted at a number of places in the vicinity of the capital, while the semi-monthly journal, the "*Imprensa Evangelica*," carries gospel tidings into the remote parts of Brazil. The next station in importance is San Paulo, a university town south of the capital. More than 100 members have been gathered into the San Paulo Church, from which most of the native ministers have come. A few tracts and copies of the Scriptures prepared the way for missionary labour in the wild rural district of Brotas, about 170 miles west of Rio. There are now several village congregations, where, under native agency, many have not merely received the gospel, but have become active in conveying it to remoter places.

Varieties.

GRAPNEL FOR TELEGRAPH CABLE LIFTING.—In searching for submerged cables, when requiring repairs, there has always been much trouble and loss from grapnels breaking. A new grapnel has been invented by Mr. Jamieson, who has been for some years engaged on the Western and Brazilian Telegraph Company, and whose notes on Brazil appear in the "*Leisure Hour*." The ordinary grapnel is furnished with rigid prongs, which, although fitted to seize and bring a cable to the surface, are also liable to become fastened to rocks and other substances, and to break with the slightest strain of the ship. Of such frequent

occurrence is this, indeed, that all cable ships are compelled to carry a very large stock of grapnels on board, and have often to return to port without accomplishing their task, owing to loss and breakage. Mr. Jamieson has furnished his grapnel with hinged prongs governed by a spring, which yields at a given strain, so that the moment a rock is "hooked" the grapnel slides off and comes to the surface. It is, in fact, an octopus-like machine, which puts forth its "feelers" in search of the real article, and draws them back the moment any counterfeit substance seeks to entangle them.

VISITING INFECTIOUS CASES.—The "*Lancet*" says:—"The report of the death of the wife of a clergyman at Chatham from small-pox, contracted while visiting the sick in the parish—the unfortunate lady had been married only eighteen months—leads us to give a word or two of advice to those similarly engaged. We should be sorry to say anything of a nature to damp the ardour of lady visitors to the homes of the sick poor. Those members of the profession whose duties take them into the most wretched and squalid quarters of our metropolis will testify to the courage and devotion with which ladies carry on the noble work of succouring the sick and distressed, and acknowledge the assistance they often receive in this manner in the treatment of disease. It may not, however, be out of place to remind district visitors that, at a time when small-pox is so widely prevalent, the utmost care and precaution should be observed to secure their persons against infection. We assume that all whose self-imposed duties carry them into suspected quarters have already submitted themselves to revaccination. Two other preservative measures, disinfection and fumigation, should be practised as far as possible. With regard to the disinfection of rooms lately occupied by persons with infectious disease, no better agent could be used than the bisulphide of carbon, which, on ignition, evolves sulphurous acid in vapour. The substance is not costly, and may be burnt either in an ordinary spirit lamp or in an open dish. It should be used with caution, as it is extremely inflammable." We may repeat here what we have already quoted from the life of the Rev. Dr. Guthrie, who, in visiting cases of infectious disease, always insisted on the door being open, and took his position between the door and the bed, and never between the patient and the fireplace ("*Leisure Hour*," 1876, p. 545).

SLEIGHING IN CANADA.—Sleighbing is universal. Sleighs are of every possible form, from the graceful shell-like vehicle richly ornamented, with handsome furs filling it and hanging over the sides, to the rough wooden box on runners used by the *habitans* of the Lower Province. The horse's harness of the better sort is gaily adorned, and has merrily tinkling bells attached to it. Sleighs hold two or more persons, generally a gentleman drives, and the lady by his side is so muffled up in furs as to defy the cold. People often form large sleighing parties, and in many of the towns meet in some public place and drive up and down, as is done in the height of summer in Hyde Park. Picnics, too, take place in mid-winter, when, although the usual repast is eaten in-doors, several out-door amusements are indulged in. The chief is called coasting, that is, climbing to the top of a steep snow-covered hill, and descending on a piece of board, guided generally by a boy, who adroitly uses his legs as a rudder. Ladies and gentlemen thus go up and down, following each other rapidly, and often upsetting in the snow, with little chance of damage. One sort of these primitive sleighs is called a toboggan, already spoken of as used by the Indians, on which they, or rather their squaws, drag their property. They are thin strips of wood turned up at the front.—*British North America*.

ROBERT PEEL AND CO.—We have before us the invoice of goods supplied to the officer of an East Indiaman, which has interest in connection with the recent notice of the Peel family in the "*Leisure Hour*." The date is Dec. 8, 1808, and the heading of the bill is, "Bought of Robert Peel and Co., No. 8, Milk Street, Cheapside. No short measure allowed."

ASCENSION ISLAND.—Surgeon James B. Drew, R.N., has forwarded to the Admiralty a report on the natural history of the island. This communication is printed in full in the Admiralty Report on the health of the Navy in 1875. Mr. Drew does not seem to have been acquainted with previous accounts of the island, and especially of the great changes effected both in its vegetation and climate through the direction of the late Sir William J. Hooker, of Kew. A full account of these interesting changes will be found in the narrative of "A Visit to Ascension Island," by the late Thomas Baines, F.R.G.S., published in the "*Leisure Hour*" for 1867.

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